THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS'

MILLENNIAL STAR.

[ESTABLISHED 1840.]

"*Arise and come forth unto me, that ye may thrust your hands into my side, and also that ye may feel the prints of the nails in my hands and in my feet, that ye may know that I am the God of Israel, and the God of the whole earth, and have been slain for the sins of the world.*"—Words of Jesus to the Nephites. III NEPHI 11: 14.

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"MINE AND THINE."

A STUDY IN REAL OWNERSHIP, BY PROFESSOR N. L. NELSON, OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY, PROVO, UTAH.

[THE following address was delivered at Barrett Hall, Salt Lake City, on the occasion of the fifth annual commencement of the Latter-day Saints' University, May 25, 1906.—ED.]

Not long ago an American millionaire of recent outcrop entered a book-dealer's establishment in New York and dazzled the clerks by the magnificence of his purchases. He wanted the best private library in America, and his list of books included the greatest names in the world of letters—all to be furnished in the most costly bindings.

"And now," he said contemptuously, when his last orders were booked, "now, I'd like something to read. Got anything from Old Sleuth?"

Query: What does it mean to own a great library?

Let us in imagination follow these books on their journey to the classic hall which they are to adorn. Remote from the noisy city, we shall behold newly risen in the heart of nature's scenery, a marble mansion such as no prince of the old world could afford save in dreams. Surrounding it we shall see ten thousand acres of woodland, lately transformed into a landscape garden, whose wealth of trees, flowers, and sculptured fountains have been drawn from every zone. Within the palace, and adjoining the library, we enter a gallery filled with treasures such as only a world ripe as our own could bring

together. From its canvas walls and marbled groups breathed forth the souls of a thousand masters whose hands have crumbled in the grave.

Query: What does it mean to own such grounds, such a mansion, such a selection of art? No doubt our mushroom Croesus gloats in secret because he can say: "Mine—all mine!" And his pleasure, such as it is, perhaps takes on a keener edge to hear his envious fellow mortals cry: "His—all his!"

But is it possible for such a man to own these things? Setting aside the mere fact of legal title—because of its utter irrelevancy—what can a man of this type be said really to possess? Can the soul which is attuned to "Old Sleuth" have any part in Goethe and Shakespeare? Under the stimulus of nabob competition, he may, indeed, assemble about him architects, painters, and sculptors—the artistic geniuses of the race; but can he come into spiritual accord with their works? Impossible. The joys of ownership in art which can come to him, must have no higher source than the pages of the *Police Gazette*.

And as for the magnificent park on which he has lavished his millions, what part of it can be really owned by the man of groveling tastes? Only the drive along which his automobile thunders, or the path that marks the trail of his scented cigar and tainted breath. As for the rest, the enchanting effect of arrangement, color, and contour in nature's verdure, the kaleidoscopic changes of sunlight in its never-ending play of tints and shades—what is all this to him but an undifferentiated expanse of greenness—precisely such a picture as appears to the eye of the ox or the ass!

A man can possess only what he can appreciate. Moreover, the depth and intensity of his ownership can be measured, not on a monetary basis, but only by the degree in which his soul assimilates the good, the beautiful, and the true in the object possessed.

Real wealth is that which becomes part of the soul-texture. It never weighs down the possessor. On the contrary, the richer he becomes the more buoyantly youthful grows his spirit. Science has successfully intervened to stop, and control the forces of light, heat, electricity, and magnetism, but has sought in vain to overcome the force of gravitation. Here is the real solution. Wealth that is woven into the mind and heart tends ever, like angel's wings, to lift against the downward pull of sin, the galling burden of selfishness.

On the other hand, artificial wealth, that is to say, wealth which touches the soul only by mechanical bonds, always clogs and bears down. Fancy a tree trying to bear foliage and fruit with every limb and twig weighted down by a pot of gold! Fancy your fellow mortal trying to fly upward toward the destiny of man, with a trans-continental railroad on his back!

"People envy me my great wealth," said C. P. Huntington, the railroad magnate. "They little realize what mountains of care rest upon the head of the rich man. Think how very little it takes to keep a man going in this world. This tie, for instance, is no better than my bootblack may afford, if he choose. The lunch I take every day in yonder restaurant may be shared by the humblest of my employees. A few hundred dollars a year suffice for all my wants—I can't spend more without feeling the pain of wastefulness. What, then, of my accumulating millions? Instead of my owning them, it would be truer to say they own me."

As to the kind of wealth which must be measured in dollars and cents, very little of it can be transmuted into real ownership—only so much as serves to keep our physical and mental powers in the most active trim for work. Whenever it begins to absorb attention for itself, and on its own account, it becomes a curse, since by so much it intervenes to consume our time, and so prevent our acquirement of real knowledge. Picture the soul-barrenness of the man—increasingly frequent among us—whose life has ceased to shine out save through that cold, calculating, merciless aperture—the money eye.

But if the man of the steel-hardened eye has, little by little, shut out of his soul-horizon both God and the universe, we who pity him have probably been spared his fate, rather by that stern friend, adversity, than by intelligent self-abnegation. Indeed, to make the happy compromise between mechanical and organic wealth, would perhaps be beyond the power of our pampered age and time. It is safe to say, however, that if what we call our plain wants were cut in two, we should thereby awaken powers unfelt before—the virile forces of mind and body, ever attendant upon frugality. Cut these wants in two again, and our powers would probably enter the realm of virtue. At any rate, He who possessed, on the one hand, more real wealth than any other man has attained to in this world, had it to say, on the other, "The foxes have holes, and the birds have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head."

Real ownership is but another name for life. A man lives only in that which he appreciates. Nor is it money alone which narrows and impoverishes life. Religion of the Pharisaical kind has the same tendency toward dry rot. Think of the man whose world has narrowed down to a few mechanical religious observances on which he bases his hope of heaven. If a man's faith has become a sargasso sea, then better a thousand times he were with Ingersoll out on the tempestuous ocean of doubt.

But perhaps the most pathetic form of soul-poverty is that which accompanies enlightened toil. The man whose life-forces have settled down to the swing of mere muscular automatism, or who has become a machine for turning soil into bread; or worse still, who is but a single cog in a thousand-wheeled factory, is poor indeed, even though he be well-fed, well-clad, and well-housed. And the saddest aspect of it all is that his poverty is so abject that he does not know he is poor—does not know what wealth of eye, and ear, and thought, and feeling, and imagination, lies free to him on every hand in this wonderful home of his Father's providing. The man of money may perchance have once been awake to all these things, and out of sheer sordidness let them fade away. He scarcely deserves our sympathy, therefore. But the eyes of the drudge have never been opened. Thanks to God's scheme of endless changes, death will perhaps compel him to see.

But leaving general aspects aside, let us take a more specific view of the conditions of real wealth, and its ownership. In the first place, man finds himself in a world so filled with the objects for developing soul-riches, that begin where he will or pursue the quest far as he may, the resources open to him are inexhaustible. Indeed, were they all to impinge upon his consciousness at once, their very profusion would be overwhelming—their variety utterly bewildering; and in order that the soul should not be smothered by their very abundance, not only is its awakening spread out by degrees through

a score of years between infancy and adolescence, but, when fully awake, its range of perception is intermittent. Vast gaps—gaps which register nothing—lie between the records of the senses, while above and below this seven-stringed harp, are harmonies which delicate instruments enable us to guess at, but which we shall never, perhaps, explore during mortal life.

Here, then, is the soul with its powers awakening to take hold of things; there all around it are the sources of its wealth. Expressed in terms of feeling, the immediate reward of acquisition, no matter what be the channel, is joy—the joy of increased life; expressed in terms of psychic evolution, the reward is power. And these two rewards shall follow every effort to acquire real wealth, until they bring to the soul eternal bliss and eternal power; in other words, omniscience, or the infinitely extended power to feel or appreciate, and omnipotence, or the infinitely enlarged power to do, or create.

What, then, are the conditions of this soul-acquisition which yield such rewards? First, the will to give attention, to hold our powers still and in a receptive attitude, while the harmony from without pours in upon the soul. Second, the resolute effort to interpret, analyze, or get the meaning of the new sensation. At this point appreciation comes in—our life rises, as it were, spreads out, overflows its narrow limits, and we live quite beyond ourselves, through sympathy with the new aspect of the universe which has come to us. In prosaic terms, we have attained to knowledge. Another step awaits us ere we can attain to power: we must lift ourselves to the new plane of harmony—must be the truth that we feel. Knowledge then becomes intelligence, and intelligence is glory, simply because it is power.

Such growth in soul-wealth may well be compared to mounting a stairway—especially if we think of Jacob's stairway. The rise or lift of each step represents the new truth, or harmony, or insight into the nature of the universe, with which the will to give attention is rewarded. But after getting this insight, we may still remain standing on the step below, content with the mere joy of knowing. If, however, we would merge our knowledge into character, that is to say, intelligence, we must take the tread. We are thus one step nearer heaven than before, and wider has grown the circle of our mental horizon. Thus, by a succession of lifts and treads, we may at last fulfil Christ's injunction: "Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

And this reference to our Savior's perspective of human life, serves to show how thinly disguised is my psychological explanation of soul-growth. For what is the lift in the heavenly stairway but faith—faith that enables us to get a higher revelation of righteousness? And what is the tread but the act of repentance whereby we live up to the new truth so revealed? Or should we desire to vary the figure, the life may be called grace, and the tread works. Neither one avails for salvation without the other. Nor do I regret this intermingling of the educational with the religious point of view; for it will show that the sphere of religion, like that of true education, is the enrichment of the soul, not indeed along narrow, sanctimonious lines, but in every direction in which the soul is naked to the universe.

Real wealth, to repeat a previous proposition, is that alone which can be integrated with the fibres of the soul. Wealth in the form of money, or its equivalent, can be called real, only to the extent that it sustains life on an

effective working basis. Considering how very little is needed to do this, air and water being free, it follows that no child of God need remain poor. Indeed, the less he encumbers himself with artificial wealth, the richer may he become in real wealth. In spite of this obvious truth, however, Christ's statement of the relative value of the two, while it receives our applause, rarely engages our active support. Which of us ceases to "lay up treasures on earth where moth and rust do corrupt, and thieves break through and steal," even when he knows that the only real treasures are those which he can carry beyond the grave?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE RED TAPE OF DUTY.

BY WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN, AUTHOR OF "GREAT TRUTHS."

DUTY is the most over-lauded word in the whole vocabulary of life. Duty is the cold, bare anatomy of righteousness. Duty looks at life as a debt to be paid; love sees life as a debt to be collected. Duty is ever paying assessments; love is constantly counting its premiums.

Duty is forced, like a pump; love is spontaneous, like a fountain. Duty is prescribed and formal; it is part of the red tape of life. It means running on moral rails. It is good enough as a beginning; it is poor as a finality.

The boy who "stood on the burning deck," and committed suicide on a technical point of obedience, has been held up to the school children of this century as a model of faithfulness to duty. The boy was the victim of a blind adherence to the red tape of duty. He was placing the whole responsibility for his acts on some one outside himself. He was helplessly waiting for instruction in the hour of emergency when he should have acted for himself. His act was an empty sacrifice. It was a useless throwing away of a human life. It did no good to the father, to the son, to the ship, or to the nation.

The captain who goes down with his sinking vessel, when he has done everything in his power to save others, and when he can save his own life without dishonor, is the victim of a false sense of duty. He is cruelly forgetful of the loved ones on shore that he is sacrificing. His death means a spectacular exit from life, the cowardly fear of an investigating committee, or a brave man's loyal, yet misguided, sense of duty. A human life, with its wondrous possibilities, is too sacred an individual trust to be thus lightly thrown into eternity.

They tell us of the "sublime nobleness" of the Roman soldier at Pompeii, whose skeleton was found centuries afterward, imbedded in the once molten lava which swept down upon the doomed city. He was still standing at one of the gates at his post of duty, still grasping a sword in his crumbling fingers. His was a morbid faithfulness to a discipline from which a great convulsion of nature released him. An automaton would have stood there just as long, just as boldly, just as uselessly.

The man who gives one hour of his life to loving, consecrated service to humanity is doing higher, better, truer work in the world than an army of

Roman sentinels paying useless tribute to the red tape of duty. There is in this interpretation of duty no sympathy with the man who deserts his post when needed; it is but a protest against losing the essence, the realness of true duty in worshiping the mere form.

Analyze, if you will, any of the great historic instances of loyalty to duty, and whenever they ring true you will find the presence of the real element that made the act almost divine. It was duty—plus love. It was no mere sense of duty that made Grace Darling risk her life in the awful storm of sixty years ago, when she set out in the darkness of night, on a raging sea, to rescue the survivors of the wreck of "The Forfarshire." It was the sense of duty, warmed and vivified by a love of humanity, heroic courage, a heart filled with divine pity and sympathy.

Duty is a hard, mechanical process for making men do things that love would make easy. It is a poor understudy to love. It is not a high enough motive with which to inspire humanity. Duty is the body to which love is the soul. Love, in the divine alchemy of life, transmutes all duties into privileges, all responsibilities into joys.

The workman who drops his tools at the stroke of twelve as suddenly as if he had been struck by lightning may be doing his duty—but he is doing nothing more. No man has made a great success of his life or a fit preparation for immortality by doing merely his duty. He must do that—and more. If he puts love into his work, the "more" will be easy.

The nurse may watch faithfully at the bedside of a sick child as a duty. But to the mother's heart the care of the little one in the battle against death is never a duty; the golden mantle of love thrown over every act makes the word duty have a jarring sound as if a desecration.

When a child turns out badly in later years, the parent may say, "Well, I always did my duty by him." Then it is no wonder the boy turned out wrong. "Doing his duty by his son" too often implies merely food, lodging, clothes, and education supplied by the father. Why, a public institution would give that! What the boy needed most was deep draughts of love; he needed to live in an atmosphere of sweet sympathy, counsel, and trust. The parent should ever be an unfailing refuge, a constant resource and inspiration, not a mere larder, or hotel, or wardrobe, or school that furnishes these necessities free. The empty boast of mere parental duty is one of the dangers of modern society.

Christianity stands forth as the one religion based on love, not duty. Christianity sweeps all duties into one word—love. Love is the one great duty enjoined by the Christian religion. What duty creeps in laboriously, love reaches in a moment on the wings of a dove. Duty is not lost, condemned, or destroyed in Christianity; it is dignified, purified, exalted, all its rough ways are made smooth, by love.

The supreme instance of generosity in the world's history is not the giving of millions by some one of great name; it is the giving of a mite by a widow whose name does not appear. Behind the widow's mite was no sense of duty; it was the full, free, and perfect gift of a heart filled with love. In the Bible "duty" is mentioned but five times; "love," hundreds.

In the conquest of any weakness in our mental or moral make-up; in

the attainment of any strength; in our highest and truest relation to ourselves and to the world, let us ever make "love" our watchword, not mere "duty."

If we desire to live a life of truth and honesty, to make our word as strong as our bond, let us not expect to keep ourselves along the narrow line of truth under the constant lash of the whip of duty. Let us begin to love the truth, to fill our mind and life with the strong white light of sincerity and sterling honesty. Let us love the truth so strongly that there will develop within us, without our conscious effort, the horror of a lie.

If we desire to do good in the world, let us begin to love humanity, to realize more truly the dominant note that sounds in every mortal, despite all the discords of life, the great natural bond of unity that makes all men brothers. Then jealousy, malice, envy, unkind words, and cruel misjudging will be eclipsed and lost in the sunshine of love.

The greatest triumph of the nineteenth century is not its marvelous progress in invention; its strides in education; its conquests of the dark regions of the world; the spread of a higher mental tone throughout the earth; the wondrous increase in material comfort and wealth—the greatest triumph of the century is not any or all of these; it is the sweet atmosphere of Peace that is covering the nations; it is the growing closer and closer of the peoples of the the earth. Peace is but the breath, the perfume, the life of love. Love is the wondrous angel of life that rolls away all the stones from the pathway of duty.

Our Glorious World.—Wonderful, in universal adaptation to man's need, desire, and discipline, God's daily preparation of the earth for him with beautiful means of life! First, a carpet to make it soft for him; then a colored fantasy of embroidery thereon; then tall spreading of foliage to shade him from sun-heat, and shade also the fallen rain, that it may not dry quickly back into the clouds, but stay to nourish the springs among the moss; stout wood to bear this leafage—easily to be cut, yet tough and light, to make houses for him, or instruments (lance-shaft, or plough-handle, according to his temper); useless if it had been harder; useless, if less fibrous; useless if less elastic.

Winter comes, and the shade of leafage falls away to let the sun warm the earth; the strong boughs remain, breaking the strength of winter winds. The seeds which are to prolong the race, innumerable according to the need, are made beautiful and palatable, varied into infinitude of appeal to the fancy of man, or provision for his service; cold juice, or flowing spice, or balm, or incense, softening oil, preserving resin, medicine of styptic, febrifuge, or lulling charm; and all these presented in forms of endless change. Fragility or force, softness and strength, in all degrees and aspects; unerring uprightness, as of temple pillars, or unguided wanderings of feeble tendrils on the ground; mighty resistance of rigid arm and limb to the storms of ages, or wavings to and fro with faintest pulse of summer streamlet; roots cleaving the strength of rock, or binding the transience of the sand; crests basking in sunshine of the desert, or hiding by dripping spring and lightless cave; foliage far-tossing in entangled fields beneath every wave of ocean—clothing with variegated, everlasting films the peaks of the trackless mountains, or ministering, at cottage doors, to every gentlest passion, and simplest joy of humanity.—RUSKIN.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS' MILLENNIAL STAR.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1906.

EDITORIAL.

"THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE JOY."

"This is the cry
That echoes through the wilderness of earth,
Through song and sorrow, day and death and birth:
Why?

"It is the high
Wail of the child with all his life to face.
Man's last dumb question as he reaches space:
Why?"

The cry and the query have gone out from the human heart ever since the world began. Shut out from the region of perfect knowledge, man has wandered as a child in the dark crying, "Why, Oh why?"

"Who is man, and what's his place?
Anxious asks the heart, perplexed.
In this recklessness of space,
Worlds with worlds thus intermixed:
What has he, this atom creature,
In this infinitude of nature?"

And so it is question upon question, and the yearning heart seeks earnestly to be answered.

Life has appeared a riddle to most men. Those who have had faith that a Supreme Power overrules all things for good, have rested somewhat assured in that faith; while those who have denied God, have come out plainly with the statement that they know nothing regarding the purpose of life, if indeed there is any purpose in it. Such say that man lives and moves and has a being, and then he is no more. He comes and goes, but from where and to where, or the reason of his coming or going, no one knows. Life is a great mystery, and the unthinking say it is useless to try to solve it.

It has not been so disheartening to those who have believed in God and have had faith that He has spoken to the human race by vision and through the inspiration of the Spirit—that God from time to time in the world's history has revealed "his secrets unto his servants the prophets." To many of these believers there has been much of comfort, and they have had an assurance that all will be well if they do well; and yet even to these there has been

much painful doubt, much misunderstanding and confusion. This has been due to the fact that the plain and precious words of God have been darkened by the wisdom of worldly men. Because of this, the answer to life's questions have ofttimes not been reassuring.

"What is the chief end of man?" is the first question in the "Shorter Catechism"; and the answer is, "Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy him forever." This answer does not say much one way or another; but when it is coupled with another teaching from the "Confession of Faith" this "glorifying God" assumes a most sinister and even terrifying aspect. This particular teaching says that "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others foreordained to everlasting death. These angels and men, thus predestinated and foreordained are particularly and unchangeably designed; and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

The chief end of man, then, according to this, is to glorify God; but who shall be sure which of the unalterable fixed fates awaits one—the saved or the damned? As they are both for the "glory of God" the believer in this creed must of a necessity be satisfied with that which God has apportioned to him, whether it be of joy or of sorrow.

By such ways the devil has injected his doctrine of death, despair, and damnation into God's world of light, life, and love; and O, the misery, the suffering, the hopelessness it has brought to the souls of men and women?

But now the fogs of the past have lifted from the earth. The darkness has been penetrated by the clear light of heaven. The Gospel of Jesus Christ, which is indeed "tidings of great joy," is again revealed to the earth. Men need no longer grope in the mists, for the sun is shining. The whys and wherefores of life are no longer unanswerable, for God has given us additional light, and our hearts are assured, our reason satisfied. The purpose of life is no longer a mystery, shrouded in dark and dreaded uncertainty. The sun's rays reach to the end of our path and show us that the Power which rules has not planned and carried out a scheme of things which must inevitably bring misery to a definitely large number of human beings.

In that present-day revelation to us—the Book of Mormon, we find the Prophet Nephi giving an answer to life's weightiest question. It is as follows:

"MEN ARE THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE JOY."

Let us repeat it over and over: "Adam fell that men might be; and men are that they might have joy." Then, the *purpose* of man's existence here on this earth is that he might have *joy*! What! did God form the world and clothe it with all its wealth of animal and vegetable life for this purpose? Did He form the hills and dales, the blue sea and the bluer sky, the winds, the rains, the storms, the cold, the heat, with this object in view? Did He send us here, amid it all to act upon these environments and to be acted upon—to live our lives, to fight our foes, to suffer, and at last to die—all that in the end *we might have joy*? Is that true? Yes; that is God's answer to our vexed problem.

What a joy even to think of it! "Men are that they might have joy."

Weary traveler in life's journey, if you keep faithfully on to the end, joy is

there awaiting you. What if the road is rough; what if there are hills to climb; what if the sun is hot or the wind is cold; what if the finger of scorn is pointed at you as you walk your weary way; what if you are tired and hungry; what if you are weak and sick and poor; what of it all—God has said that men *are* that they might *have joy*—God's word will never fail. Joy shall be yours if you are faithful, and no power on earth or hell can rob you of your blessed inheritance.

It does not say that man's chief end is pleasure. There is a difference between pleasure and joy. Associated with joy there is true pleasure, but much which is called pleasure has nothing to do with joy. The joy which God promises is not easily won, for the gift is always equal to the price we pay for it.

Let me quote a beautiful passage from Elder Brigham H. Roberts in the *Improvement Era* for October, 1905, bearing on this subject:

"The joy contemplated in the Book of Mormon passage is to arise out of man's rough and thorough knowledge of evil and of sin; through knowing misery, sorrow, pain, and suffering; through seeing good and evil locked in awful conflict; through a consciousness of having chosen, in that conflict, the better part, the good; and not only in having chosen it, but in having wedded it by eternal compact; having made it his by right of conquest over evil. It is a joy that will arise from a consciousness of having 'fought the good fight,' of having 'kept the faith.' It will arise from a consciousness of moral, spiritual, and physical strength; of strength gained in conflict. The strength that comes from experience; from having sounded the depths of the soul; from experiencing all the emotions of which mind is susceptible; from testing all the qualities and strength of the intellect; a joy that will come to man from a contemplation of the universe, and a consciousness that he is an heir to all that is—a joint heir with Jesus Christ and God; from knowing that he is an essential part of all that is. It is a joy that will be born of the consciousness of existence itself—that will reveal in existence—in thoughts of, and realizations of existence's limitless possibilities. A joy born of the consciousness of the power of eternal increase. A joy arising from association with the intelligences of innumerable heavens—the Gods of all eternities. A joy born of a consciousness of being, of intelligence, of faith, knowledge, light, truth, mercy, justice, love, glory, dominion, wisdom, power; all feelings, affections, emotions, passions; all heights, and all depths. 'Men are that they might have joy,' and that joy is based upon, and contemplates, all that is here set down."

Will all men attain to this joy? Very likely not. It is impossible to force joy upon a human soul. God gives the opportunity, prepares the means whereby it may be obtained, leads, encourages, and helps; but man has still his agency to accept or reject. Some, no doubt, will persist in going contrary to the way marked out, and will in the end miss their God-provided destiny; but we please to think these will be very few in comparison with those who will be saved in one of the kingdoms of glory, where they will obtain all the joy of which they are capable of receiving. Every worthy one's cup will be full.

Is life worth living then? Most assuredly. To those of us who have accepted the truth as it has been revealed from heaven in our day, the answer

is simple enough. This life is the grandest opportunity which God, in our stage of development as eternal intelligences, could give unto us. The ultimate end of our earthly existence is not a state of suffering, but that we might have joy. May every soul who reads this inspired sentence conform to the requirements upon which the blessing is predicted, and thus be partakers in its glorious realization.

N. A.

President Joseph F. Smith has bought for the Church the old printing press upon which the first edition of the Book of Mormon was printed. The price paid to Mr. Fred. W. Clemons, its former owner, was £50.

CONFERENCE APPOINTMENTS.

Scottish	„	July 29, 1906.
Irish	„	August 5, „
Bristol	„	„ 12, „

Because of President Grant's visit to the Scandinavian mission, the Scottish conference has been postponed to the foregoing date so that he may be present.

FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

Baptisms at Grimsby.—On Friday evening, June 22nd, 1906, a baptismal service was held in the Fisher Lads' Institute, Grimsby, at which seven souls were initiated into the fold of Christ, Elders Enoch Ludlow and Joseph F. Bingham officiating. They were confirmed at the morning session of the district meeting on Sunday.

Items from Iceland.—Elder Lofter Bjarnason, writing from Iceland, states that he has performed five baptisms during the month of May. As there are ten Sisters in Reykjavik, he has organized a relief society in that branch. The Saints are paying their tithing and attending to their duties generally, and Elder Bjarnason is continuing energetically in his mission work.

District Meetings.—On Sunday, June 24, 1906, at Keighley, Leeds conference, a district meeting was held in the Temperance Institute, President Joseph A. Fife and six traveling Elders being present. Two very interesting meetings were held. All seemed deeply impressed with the remarks made, and a good spirit prevailed throughout. The room was filled at both meetings, there being about one hundred Saints and investigators present in the evening. The Elders feel quite encouraged as it was the most successful meeting held there for some time.

Three special meetings were held in Grimsby on Sunday, June 24th, which were much enjoyed by the Saints and their friends. The meetings were well attended, a rich outpouring of the Spirit of the Lord characterizing them.

Two very successful and interesting meetings were held at Ashford, Kent,

on Sunday, June 24, 1906. President Miles L. Jones and six Elders of the London conference were in attendance. A good spirit prevailed, and a number of strangers were present. The child of a member was baptized before the services.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON FOR THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Lesson for July 15, 1906.

20. Prophecy and Revelation.

1. Ancient prophecies and their fulfillment (the first quotation within the periods refers to the prophecies, the second to the fulfillment.) Gen. 15: 13-16; Exodus 2: 23; 12: 40, 41. Joshua 6: 26; I Kings 16: 34. I Sam. 2: 31-34; I Kings 2: 27. I Kings 13: 1-5; II Kings 23: 15, 16. II Kings 7: 1; II Kings 7: 16-20. Dan. 4: 24; Dan. 4: 35.

2. Prophecies concerning the Savior. Gen. 49: 10; Deut. 18: 15-19; Psalms 16: 10; 68: 18; 69: 21; 110: 1-4; Isaiah 7: 14; 9: 6, 7; 11: 1-5; 53: 3-12; Jere. 23: 5-6; Dan. 9: 25, 26; Micah 5: 2; Zachariah 9: 9; 11: 13, 14; 13: 6; I Nephi 11: 27-32; 12: 6; II Nephi 25: 19.

3. Prophecies spoken by the Savior. Matt. 12: 40; 17: 22-23; Mark 9: 31, 32; 10: 32-34; 13: 1, 2, 6-31; 19: 41-44; John 2: 18-22: 11-23: 12: 23; 13: 18, 19, 36 38; 14: 16-20, 26; 15: 26; 16: 2-11, 32, 33; 21: 18, 19; Acts 1: 5-8; III Nephi 20: 30-46; 21: 1-20.

4. Prophecies relating to the last days. Psalm 85: 11; Isaiah 2: 2 4; 11: 6-12; 24: 1-6, 17-23; 29: 4-24; 40: 9-11; 61: 4-9; 62: 10-12; Jere. 3: 14-18; 16: 14-16; 23: 7, 8; Ezek. 37: 19-23; Dan. 2: 41-45; 7: 9-27; 12: 1-4; Joel 2: 28-32; Micah 4: 1-7, 11-13; Malachi 4: 1-6; Matt. 24: 3-41; Mark 13: 24-32; 16: 17, 18; Luke 21: 24-33; Acts 3: 19-24; Rev. 14: 6, 7.

THE LIVERPOOL CONFERENCE.

The Liverpool semi-annual conference was held at the Blackburn Assembly Hall, Blackburn, June 24, 1906. President Heber J. Grant, President J. G. Midgley, Jr., Elder R. Eugene Allen, of the Liverpool office, Patriarch George W. Larkin, and twenty-two traveling Elders of the Liverpool conference were in attendance. Brother Willard Andelin, Sister Arvilla Clark, Brother William Holmes, and Sister Ada Blackburn were present, and rendered beautiful musical selections during each service.

At the morning session President Midgley welcomed all present, and presented the general and local authorities of the Church, who were all unanimously sustained. The labor and statistical report for the six months ending May 31, 1906, was read, showing eleven branches, 379 members, tracts distributed, 222,876, books, 7,579, Gospel conversations, 11,828, and 41 persons baptized.

Elders Herbert D. Brown, John W. Wing, Jr., and Parley W. Lofthouse explained some of the principles of the Gospel, and bore strong testimonies to the truthfulness thereof.

President Grant spoke of the history and trials of the Latter-day Saints; also of the sublime nature of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

At the afternoon session Elders Edgar N. Fjeldsted, Edgar E. Petterborg, and Bertram F. Reeves bore strong and faithful testimony to this latter-day work. Elder R. Eugene Allen expressed his thankfulness for the many privileges and blessings of the Gospel.

President Grant spoke of conditions in Zion with regard to education; also the inspiration of God to His people, and the divinity of the Prophet Joseph's mission.

At the evening service Elder Walter E. Grant spoke briefly, and bore his testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel. Brother George W. Larkin dwelt explicitly on the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, also bearing a powerful testimony of the knowledge he possessed of the plan of life and salvation.

President Grant gave a forcible address on the mission of man, and the Savior of the world, bearing a strong testimony to the exalted work of the Prophet Joseph, and the divinity of the Gospel to-day.

On Saturday morning President Grant met with the Elders in Priesthood meeting, and gave them much good instruction, encouraging them in their labors.

A sweet and peaceful spirit prevailed throughout all of the meetings, every one feeling to rejoice in the service of the Lord.

AUTHNELL CARTER, Clerk of Conference.

CHURCH AND STATE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

BY ELDER DAVID L. MURDOCK, OF THE SCOTTISH CONFERENCE.

FEW Americans have a proper conception of what is really implied by the use of the term church and state. The union of church and state is generally considered by Americans as obnoxious, and interference by any religious sect or denomination in the affairs of the political life of the country is resented immediately. It is but natural that this feeling of antipathy should exist in that land. The very object of the Pilgrim Fathers in leaving the lands of their nativity and seeking a home on what was then an inhospitable shore was evidence enough, if such were needed, of their deep-rooted aversion to religious intolerance, and of their determination to find a refuge where they could worship God according to their own desires, without the interference of any political party, government, or king.

Such were the lofty aspirations of the pilgrim band that landed November the 9th, 1620, on the bleak shores of the new world. Decimated as their ranks were by disease and death, having passed through the trying ordeal of settlement in a barren, strange country, they persevered in their purpose, and there is to-day remaining as a heritage of their noble, self-denying efforts, a love of liberty and freedom, which has helped to make a great, united, free, liberty-

loving race of people such as form the United States to-day. Of the Pilgrim Fathers Mrs. Hemans says:

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war!
No! 'twas a faith's pure shrine.

Yes, call that holy ground
Where first their brave feet trod?
They left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

This land of Great Britain has had a long and uninterrupted connection between church and state. The King of England is the head of the Church of England. The throne is established on the principles of the Reformation, which is Protestantism, and the king or queen for the time being must subscribe to the principles thereof. From the Church of England a certain number of Bishops hold seats in the upper, or House of Lords, who have a voice in the framing of legislation without any responsibility to any constituency or political body. Their seats are therefore secure whether Unionists or Liberals reign.

From this fact springs much of the discontent and discord that always prevail in England, and which produce and engender such unpleasant feelings amongst rival worshippers. This feeling is painfully made manifest just now by the present government's Education Bill. The old battle cry of religious education in the schools threatens to wreck the very existence of the government, returned to power only six months ago by an overwhelming majority. If they would only take a lesson from America it would save them a world of trouble, do away with such bitterness and strife, and settle the question for good.

The union of church and state in Scotland is equally marked and strong. A great object lesson in this respect has just taken place in Edinburgh. The Established Church of Scotland, the church intimately associated with the government, and which receives gifts and gratuities from the government, has just finished what is known as its General Assembly—a gathering which is just about as much political as it is religious. It was a great spectacle to those who are unused to see this display of pomp and power—the intermixing of the state with the church in this annual ceremony. For those who are unfamiliar with such historical scenes, let me briefly describe it.

It is called The Church of Scotland General Assembly. It convenes in the old Tolbooth church near the Castle in Edinburgh. The King is always represented by some Lord of the realm, who is called the Lord High Commissioner. This year it is Edward Arthur, Lord Colebrooke. The Lord High Commissioner lives in Holyrood Palace, the ancient home of Scottish kings and queens, during his term of office, and holds levees, and entertains as if he were a king himself. The line of procession was protected by the Scots Greys cavalry. The whole force of the regiment was brought into requisition, bands, pipers, etc., making the affair a pageant of great splendor and importance. In the procession the brilliant uniforms of the Lords and nobility, the Lord Provost and City Councillors, the Lords of Session and Supreme Courts, and

all the other followers, made a long and interesting procession through nearly two miles of streets. The Lord High Commissioner's entry into the Assembly is always received by the whole body in a standing position. He takes no part in the proceedings except a short opening and closing speech. The whole thing is one of great decorum and dignity. Two thousand pounds are appropriated by the king for some church purpose.

This, in brief, is how church and state are allied in this country. We sometimes hear a rumbling of discontent by some ill-informed newspaper people in Utah and America, about the coalition or union of church and state in Utah. Such babblers do not know what they are talking about. Just imagine all of the troops of "Uncle Sam" being marshalled in dress parade in Salt Lake City, all of the National guard, all of the judges of the Supreme and other courts, mayor, and the city council and their ladies, all of the state officers, legislature, etc., making a grand procession twice every year at conference time, and showing such deference to the Church authorities. And further, having the Legislature appropriate £2,000 as a small donation, outside of and in addition to the other large sums appropriated by the Government. Is it any wonder that we have dissenters and Nonconformists in this land? Is it any wonder that the people want disestablishment? Surely their patience is past all understanding. Churches are like brewers, they have such a strong hold upon the different political parties that they have prevented them so far from interfering with their vested rights. No government yet formed, no matter how great their numerical strength, has had the courage to grapple with these questions. It is simply a playing from one party to another.

THE CANALS OF MARS.

Fred. Harris Thompson, in a contribution to the *Boston Transcript*, makes the statement that photographs taken by C. O. Lampland at the Lowell observatory at Flagstaff, practically prove that the so called Martian canals are irrigation ditches, and not merely natural markings in the surface of the planet. Actual proof of this would be one of the greatest scientific achievements of the age.

Schiaparelli, the great Italian astronomer, nearly thirty years ago advanced the opinion that those lines were real canals, but with the exception of a few advanced thinkers the scientists doubted the correctness both of his observations and conclusions. In later years the existence of the lines has been confirmed by many astronomers, but the nature of them has not been clearly understood. The photographs referred to are said to prove that the dark patches on the planet are large fields of vegetation nourished by the water in the canals.

Mars is described as a vast desert, having no oceans and a rare atmosphere. In the cold season the moisture of the air is deposited at the poles in the form of dew that freezes, to be thawed up in the spring. The canals start at the Polar ice caps, and conduct the melted ice and snow for thousands of miles toward the equatorial regions. Cross canals intersect the main ditches, and in the Martian springtime, when the sun melts the polar caps, they fill with water and the banks take on the greenish tinge of vegetation. The wave of

vernal change sweeps from the poles toward the equator. As the Martian winter approaches the canals fade; even the permanent dark patches turn lighter in shade, as if the vegetation were dying, and the general appearance is the same as the earth would look if viewed from a great distance at the same time of the year.

These propositions are thought to have been proved by the latest observations. It is self-evident that beings who are able to maintain life under Martian conditions must be intellectually more highly developed than the inhabitants of the earth are, for to human skill, the construction of canals for the purpose of conducting water from the polar regions, sufficient for the irrigation of the inhabitable world, would be out of the question. Mars is a much older planet than the earth, and its inhabitants may be more highly developed both intellectually and otherwise.—*Deseret News*

WOULD MAKE A BETTER WORLD.

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
Would brighten in the blue.

If cruel words were kisses,
And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while.

If purses would untighten
To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would lighten
Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff.

If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears and melancholy
Were things that now are not.

Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

SELECTED.

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